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UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAW—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

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## FOGIVE AND FORGET.

*Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely.  
The garden a wilderness left to deform,  
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,  
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!  
Oft still in thy loveliness emblem the flowers,  
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way!  
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,  
With tears th' but darken the rest of the day.  
Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling  
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;  
And the best of us require something concealing,  
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive!*

*Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,  
That brow was no home for frowns to have met;  
Oh! how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,  
If heaven refused to forgive and forget!*

## THE STAGE-DRIVER'S LOVE.

BY CALVIN PETERS.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

You talk of stage-drivers. Is it not strange that, in his vast range of characters, Shakespeare has not a single picture of a veritable driver? He makes Hamlet to say "all the world's a stage," and Richard to exclaim, "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse;" and yet of the autocrat of post-roads, the man who commands a stage and four horses, he has said nothing. Most strange forgetfulness. The whips, however, shall not always remain unwieldy of justice. Mount, our American—Mount, shall yet mount the stage-box with me, and as we gallop over the hills and valleys of the fertile West, shall dash down their peculiarities, and yet produce his crack picture.

I shall leave the subject for him. He will produce a sketch worthy of the American arts, and—Colman's Miscellany. I have a simple story to tell, to please you, ladies and gentleman, if you will listen.

While on the road from Ithica to Elmira, I fell in with a driver much to my mind. He was evidently a picked fellow—wore a satin stock instead of a bandana, and spoke the English language to an unusual extent. When I say this, I mean that he did not use the horse language exclusively; for your drivers, like other men who hold the reins, are apt to have a court vocabulary. I was seated beside him commenting from time to time upon various topics, when at a sudden turn of the road we came upon a cluster of snug dwellings, one of which was conspicuous for its taste.

It was a cottage-house with wings, having a neat door-yard and lawn in front. A green latticed portico shielded the front door, over which was trilled a luxuriant honeysuckle. Roses and other flowering shrubs were scattered around, but still neglect and confusion marred the effect of these tokens of refinement. It was, notwithstanding, a sweet spot, and I inquired who lived there?

"I believe no one lives there now," responded the driver. "You will see, sir, the windows are closed; the flowers all tangled, and the honeysuckle wants trimming; yet that house was a happy place once, sir. Five years ago, sir, no one would have thought of so sad a change. The world is full of changes, sir!"

"It is, indeed," said I, "but what of the cottage—tell me who lived there, and what has become of them."

"Oh, it's a most sad and pitiful story, sir, and makes my heart ache to think of it. I've often told it, for every one inquires about that cottage. There's a melancholy interest hanging over it, like that forlorn honeysuckle, and I always feel downhearted when I pass it. But it's of no use to be downhearted in this world, sir."

"Not at all, my friend, but now for your story."

"Well, 'tis as I told you, a sad and wretched one." (Here the driver threw away his cigar, and cracked up his horse.)

"You see, sir, the proprietors on this road have always been very careful about the drivers. They must have good, careful, steady fellows. (I seldom drink, sir, very seldom.) The reason, sir, is plain as the hub of a coach wheel. It's all ups and downs here, hills and hollows, as you see; a driver must keep his eyes about him; for if he should get drunk, and neglect his duty, slap, sir, in a moment, his whole load would be thrown heels over head, into eternity.—

Drivers have a heavy load upon their minds, sir. But as I was going to say, sir, the best driver ever put upon this road, or any where else, was Jim Ayton. Oh, sir, you cannot think what a fine fellow he was, and a stage-driver too. It is his story I am going to tell you, for Jim's heart and life once rested in that white cottage."

"How was that?" said I.

"Let me tell the whole story," said the driver.

"Jim Ayton, was the son of Charles Ayton. His father was a tapis, do-nothing gentleman, college-bred, but none the better for that, sir. He early came to these parts, bringing with him a pale, sickly lady, but there was something very mild and good about her. The folks said she was a clergyman's daughter, and that Ayton had stolen her heart, while at college, and married her, against the consent of all her friends. It must have been so, sir, for no friends ever came to see her. She made friends however. Every body round about loved her, she was so sweet, engaging, and affectionate-like. She made little things for the children, and met them at church, and had a kind word for every body. I recollect her well, sir, I was a child then—I am a child now, sir. (Here the driver paused a few moments, to stifle his emotion.)

"You will pardon me, sir. These things are strange, but I can never recollect that sweet lady, and her stroking my hair, and patting my cheeks, and giving me little books and pictures, but my heart is full. She died of grief, sir. She died on her husband while every one else despised him; and why did they despise him, sir? His hard-working father had toiled day and night to send him to college—he had married an angel, sir, and yet he threw himself away, he murdered himself soul and body with rum. Often, sir, in the cold and stormy nights of the winter, has that feeble woman sought him out and taken him away from the taverns. She could persuade him when no one else could, for such a wife, sir, could persuade a man to any thing, except to leave rum altogether, and that death alone could do. Yes, sir, she tried hard, but she could not keep him from drink! I have heard the people tell how she prayed for him; sat up for him; took his head in her lap, and spoke soothingly to him, till he vowed a thousand times he would quit the bottle, and become a good man, and yet it was all smoke, sir! He became worse and worse, as all drunkards do, and would you believe it, sir, before he died, he beat that tender-hearted woman he once loved so much. Yes, sir, the neighbors heard of it and would have torn his house down over his head, and taken her among them, but she prevented them, and begged them to spare him for her sake. She loved him to the last, when all the world had forsaken him; she followed him like his shadow, till he was unable to go about; and when at last he died, in raving madness, she never, never raised her head, but dropped, as it were, into the same grave. Mrs. Ayton died three weeks after her husband, and left poor Jim an orphan at the age of twelve years. She had been her stay and comfort, in the long years of misery with her husband, and she taught him many things that he never forgot. So, sir, at twelve years old he was left alone in this world.

"Jim's grandfather, sir, was still alive, but though a hard-working man, he was a drunken brute too. He had never liked his son's early marriage, though his daughter-in-law was an angel, and far too good for him. He, however, took Jim home, and made him do all sorts of work upon his farm. The poor boy's health began to suffer, but just then a master came into the place, and set up a district school. The neighbors made him let Jim go to it, and Jim took learning so well, that in a short time, he outstripped all the scholars, and even equalled the master himself. I was one of the school boys, sir, and recollect hearing the master say, that it all came of having so good a mother, and the tears came in Jim's eyes when he said so. Well, the master loved him, and we all loved him, and the visiting committee said he ought to be sent to college, but who was there to send him, poor orphan! His grandfather heard of their wishes, and the very mention of college made him savage. He took Jim away from school, and put him to harder work. His son, he said, had been ruined at college; but there he lied, sir. Every body knew that the old man had spoiled him before he went. But Jim was in his power, and he took every means to oppress him, but it did not last long. One night the old grumbler got into a hard frolic, and after beating Jim shamefully, turned him out of doors. So the poor boy came in the dead of night, without a coat to his back, and took shelter with George Norbury, who kept the Farmer's Hotel.

"Now Norbury had always liked Jim, and received him gladly, and said he should not go back to the old ruffian, who might put his life in danger. We drivers, too, liked him, and as Norbury owned this line of stages, and Jim had often been at his house, we had learned

him to drive, till he could drive as well as the best of us. We spoke up for him, and said that if he would not go back to his grandfather, we would willingly support him out of our wages; but Jim was too independent for that, as you shall see.

"As Jim knew how to drive so well, he could not bear the thought of lounging about and sucking his fingers, so he proposed to Norbury to drive a stage. Norbury thought he was too young, and wanted him about the house, but Jim wouldn't bear this. He asked to be put upon trial, and took hold of the reins with such readiness and good will, that we all had to yield to him. No driver ever managed a team better, for his whole heart was upon it. He was proud of showing his spirit, and we were all proud of him, for hadn't we taught him? It would have done your heart good, sir, to have heard the passengers on the route, particularly the ladies, ask for the little stage-driver. Jim was rather small, sir, but he had a mighty spirit, and yet he was as gentle as a lamb, and that is the reason why the ladies liked him so. And the horses, too, got to knowing Jim, as well as you do your Christian name; and they would seem to spring at the sound of his voice, and curve their necks at the sight of him, like reasoning creatures. Horses know more than some people think they do, and soon get to knowing who is kind to them. Don't you think horses reason, sir?"

"Much better than some men do," said I.

"I knew you was a man of sense, and understood human nature," responded the driver, "but I must go on with my story.

"Jim soon got to be well known on this line. Every one along the road liked him. They trusted him with their errands and messages, and I used to think the girls made messages in order to speak with him. But he kept straight forward in the line of his duty; he was always gentle and obliging; he was glad to do every body a service; but why should I tell you of all these things—the truth is, he was a devilish clever fellow, and every body thought so!" (Here the stage-driver brought down his hand with an emphatic slap upon his knee, which left no doubt of the truth of his assertion.)

"So you see, sir, Jim became a regular stage-driver. For upward of five years, he drove without any interruption. Hot or cold, wet or dry, it was all the same to him, he kept to his business, and set us all a fine example. In the whole five years he had never been heard to swear. His mother, who is now in heaven, sir, had set his mind against this. He had never drunk a drop of liquor, for there was the warning of his father and grandfather, before his eyes. Oh, sir, I have seen the blood fly to his cheeks, and his limbs tremble, when strangers have urged him to drink with them. We stage-drivers know better, yes, bad as some of us are, we never could think of insulting him. He took not part in our frolics, sir.

"Well, sir, now I come to the pith of the story. Jim was about fifteen years old, it is as I was saying. At this time of life, it is nat'r'l for people to think of love matters, but no one had thought about Jim, or joked him. He was polite to every body. Every girl on the road; or in the settlement, knew he thought well of her, and every girl thought well of him, but he did not run after any of them. He stuck to his business, as I said before, sir. But, sir, we soon had to confess that we had all been blind, while love was wide awake, as the song goes. Would you believe it, without turning out of his way at all, the prettiest girl in all Johnson's settlement, was found to be in love with Jim, dead in love, over head and ears, as the folks say.

"This girl, sir, was Lucy Dunmore. My heart always beats quicker, when I speak of her. You may have seen cuy beauties, but you never saw one like her, sir. She was the roundest, rosiest, brightest girl that ever blessed a whole neighborhood. Everybody loved her, and praised her, and all the girls gave way to her, and yet she never seemed to care for her beauty, and was far more unsuspicious of it, than many others who were not worth one of her bright blue eyes. She had red cheeks, and seemed to be always laughing, till every body laughed with her. It was astonishing how she made her way into every body's heart, and yet no one could blame her. Every young man, for ten miles round, was proud of her smile, and would have gone round the world on foot to marry her, but pshaw, she did not think of marrying, not she! She would have made a wife for the President, sir.

"But, sir, love, like murder, will come out. Lucy suddenly lost all her free heartedness—she was in love with Jim, and she could not conceal it. She had no hypocrisy. Every thing she did to hide her feelings, only showed them more and more. I don't know if this is the case with city ladies, sir?"

"Not exactly," said I.

"Well, Lucy was clearly enough in

him, and, of course, Jim could not help being so too. You would have been so yourself, if you had seen her. It was all very natural. Lucy had been the favorite of Jim's mother. Often had she taken little presents of eggs and butter to the honeysuckle, he knew where she was standing, and as she flung a kiss to him, would rise upon the footboard, and touch his cap to her, just like a Spanish Don Caballero as I once hear a lady say. I know nothing about Caballeros, sir, but this I do know; that Jim touched his cap as gracefully and proudly, as any of the stars up Broadway. His mother had taught him manners, sir, and the little stage driver, was always the gentleman. But that touching his cap, sir, was the death of him." (Here the stage driver delayed a moment to wipe his eyes, and proceeded.)

"Let me see—where was I—oh, I am just coming to the point."

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Well, as I was saying, all things were going on so well and so smiling, and so happy, Jim and Lucy were as good as married. Farmer Dunmore had given his consent, and called him son. He loved Jim better than he did his farm, and all his horses. Lucy had recovered her gaiety, and was more beautiful than ever. I and all the young people of the place were looking out for the wedding, when, sir, a single slip of Jim's foot, made the whole world dark for him. The saddest accident took place that ever was known in this settlement. Oh, it was awful, sir, most awful. I am all in a fever when I think of it—poor Jim, poor Jim!"

Large drops of perspiration stood upon the forehead of the diver. He wiped his face and proceeded.

"Poor Jim—it was a sharp, cold morning, when he set out from Norbury's on his last drive. He little thought it was his last drive, poor fellow. He was as gay as a lark, and as merry as a cricket, and patted his horses, and laughed at everybody. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday. I shook hands with him and told him to give my love to Lucy, just to tease him like; but nothing could tease him, sir, he was so good natured.

"Indeed," said I, "and how do they learn?"

"I hardly know," said the stage-driver. "There are some mighty shrewd women in the country. They see deeper into young folks' feelings, than young folks themselves. They know all the signs of love, and every folks long before they begin to suspect the question. They put about reports, sir, and everybody soon learns all about the love-matters of the young."

"Well, sir, as I was saying, Lucy and Jim were too dead in love to care much what any folks said. They loved each other better than all the world, and seemed to forget every one else, when they were together. And Lucy soon grew bold enough to take his part with her father, and the farmer soon saw how the case stood, and that it was of no use for him to make any opposition. Farmer Dunmore was a sensible man, sir; he married for love himself, and he knew very well, that where such people as Lucy and Jim loved each other, they would have each other, if all heaven and earth stood in the way. I rather think, however, that Lucy would have broken her heart, rather than disobey her father; but that is as it might, she had no reason for doing this, for when Farmer Dunmore saw that Jim behaved so well, and looked so smart, and kept clear of rum, and all bad company, he began to take him by the hand. Farmer Dunmore was a kind man, sir; he looked into people's feelings, and liked them for their honesty, and wasn't stuck up by his riches like some folks. He saw that Jim was a fine fellow, and that nothing could turn him, so he welcomed him into his house, and took pleasure in seeing the comfort of Jim and his daughter. He even offered to take Jim on his farm, and give him high wages, but how could Norbury part with his little stage-driver? This was the name of the strangers called him by, though at this time he was tall, straight, and manly, though rather delicate looking to be sure. Jim had agreed to stay with Norbury till he was twenty-one, and he wasn't the fellow to break a fair bargain!"

"So Jim continued to drive, sir, and passed Lucy's house every day, and visited her when he could get a chance, and that I guess was pretty often. Lovers can make chances enough, you know, sir. After a hard day's drive, many a night have I known Jim to saddle little gray, and gallop off to see Lucy. To be sure, he had to be back again before daylight, but what of that? Lucy was in love, you know, sir, don't care about regular rest."

"I believe not," said I.

"And as Jim every day drove the stage past Lucy's house, it would have been strange if she had not stood at the window to look for him, and it was very natural for her to be doing some outdoor work under that honeysuckle, sir, and as Jim generally had some messages that were none of the passenger's business, it was not strange, sir, that she gave him honeysuckles and roses to put in his button-hole. Oh, he was a happy man, sir; he was happier than a prince, for how can a man feel happier, than when he is loved by the prettiest girl in the coun-

try; yes, I may say, by the prettiest girl in the whole world, for that matter, sir! I wish you could have seen her. I have carried loads of passengers sir, but never one like Lucy! Sometimes though, when Lucy did not come out under the honeysuckle, he knew where she was standing, and as she flung a kiss to him, would rise upon the footboard, and touch his cap to her, just like a Spanish Don Caballero as I once hear a lady say. I know nothing about Caballeros, sir, but this I do know; that Jim touched his cap as gracefully and proudly, as any of the stars up Broadway. His mother had taught him manners, sir, and the little stage driver, was always the gentleman. But that touching his cap, sir, was the death of him." (Here the stage driver delayed a moment to wipe his eyes, and proceeded.)

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"How was he found," interrupted I.

"Hear me out," exclaimed the driver.

"Oh, he was mashed into a perfect cake! He was cut into inch pieces, sir. And how could it be otherwise. He was first dashed about by the heels of the horses, then they rolled over him, and the stage fell upon him; he was ground down as flat as the earth itself, sir. He was a mass, sir, a perfect mass—nothing! There was no shape about him, and if it had not been for his clothes no one could have told him for a human being. The folks could not make a shroud for him, so the doctors showed them the differences between his head and feet by the bits of bones, and they put him decently in a coffin, and covered him with linen, and put the bright red muffler over the place where his heart should have been, and so they buried him."

"And where did they bury him?" asked I.

"Of course, beside his mother," said the driver.

"Poor boy—and what became of Lucy?"

"She broke down, sir! I beg pardon; I meant to say, when she got through screaming, she fainted. They put her on a bed, and there she lay, hour after hour, looking like a corpse, and groaning from the bottom of her heart. She would not see the daylight, sir, but kept her hands clenched over her eyes. She was afraid of seeing poor Jim, croaking to pieces in the midst of those terrible horses."

"She soon took a change, however, and then it was sad to look upon her. She became as mild and gentle as a lamb, but still she was crazy-like. She thought Jim alive, and begged her father to bring him to her, in tones that almost broke the old man's heart. It was very trying for him, sir, for what could he say to her, and poor Jim lying all the while cold in the grave? It was a severe blow to Farmer Dunmore, sir. It was like losing son and daughter both. But Lucy at last got up again, but it would not do to let her live here, as her people all went to Illinois, where she had a brother on a farm."

"And is she there still?"

"I heard so. Squire Barbage was out that way six months ago, and saw Lucy. He says she is not the same girl; that she never laughs, and is grown so pale and thin, he could not bear to look at her. The squire says she looks as shadow-like as poor Mrs. Ayton did. He thinks she is dying, and I think so too. Some folks say the climate is killing her, but she was quite thin when she went away from here. I know how it is, sir, and it's no use to sham the matter. True love is true love all the world over! Lucy's heart is broken. Nobody has seen her smile since the day of Jim's death. She is going to meet him in heaven, sir, as sure as there is a heaven above."

"As Lucy had made the muffler with her own sweet fingers, and meant to give it to Jim, she stood ready at the door, as the stage came up. Jim was standing braced against the footboard, holding his horses as only a driver knows how to do. As he came near Farmer Dunmore's, the team had got under some headway, and he was just reining them in, when his eye caught Lucy, holding up the bright red muffler. The horses were just past the portico, he turned towards her, and raised himself upon the footboard to touch his hat, and

From the Norfolk Herald.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

The editor of the Elizabeth City (N.C.) Phoenix, boasts of "fine shelled almonds" growing in the gardens of a gentleman in that town, "fine flavored and of good size." And what is there that won't thrive in North Carolina? The earth, we believe, has not a plant, a shrub or a tree, that may not be cultivated to perfection in North Carolina, where universal nature seems to flourish. She combines, indeed, the staple productions of every country in the known world. The grain, lumber, iron, hemp, ship timber and naval stores of the Baltic countries, and the corn, tobacco,花生, and rice, to which might also be added the wine, oil and silk, of more Southern latitudes. We believe it was Sir Richard Granville, one of the earliest proprietors of the territory, who prophesied that gold would be found in abundance in North Carolina, and that it would become one of the greatest silk countries in the world. The first prediction is already fulfilled, and the fulfillment of the second is now too obvious to be any longer a question. We think there can be no doubt, that the geographical position of North Carolina will be found more favorable to the growth of silk than that of any other spot on this continent, and no less so than any other in the world. The hill country of North Carolina might also be made to abound with fleecy flocks to supply the great staple of wool in an incalculable extent. Her values for the grazing of neat herds, and her forests for the range of swine, are unsurpassed; and her numerous rivers and fisheries are a never failing source of wealth. Besides all these, we might enumerate till we were tired, the various gifts of nature to the singularly favored and most interesting member of our republic in the range of horticulture, botany and mineralogy, all of which enter more or less into the marketable commodities which constitute the sources of her wealth, and we might specify many others which could be added to the catalogue, which are not indigenous, but which would find a genial soil and climate in North Carolina, and flourish equally with her native productions—and among these is the object of our Elizabeth City friend's admiration, which has elicited this paragraph.

It is true that the traveller will often find in his passage through the lower parts of North Carolina, ridges of poor and sandy lands, which can only afford subsistence for a sparsely populated population; but a few miles from his road on either hand, he will surely come to some river or stream of bold depth, running through a fertile valley of arable land, or through swamps with inexhaustible forests for timber, staves, shingles and "lumber" of every kind. Indeed the very worst specimens of N. Carolina, (and bad enough they are, in all conscience,) are the most familiar to strangers; for they are exhibited chiefly on the main roads leading through the State, and some of their more important lateral branches. But it is here as every where else: the poverty of the soil in one spot is the natural result of its contributions to fertilize some others; and for every acre of poor land or sand barren in North Carolina, there is a corresponding diffusion of fertility and luxury.

**Abundance.**—A letter from Pocahontas county, Ark., to the Little Rock Gazette, says:

"The crops in this and the adjoining counties are better than they ever were known before. Corn can be engaged now at 20 cents per bushel, and wheat at 50 cents. Every thing is low except labor. The highest price is given to mechanics in Pocahontas, and a greater demand than can be supplied."

**Improved Wheat.**—The latest improvement in wheat is noticed in some of the Northern papers. It is called "Goose Wheat," and obtained its name from a few grains which were found in the crop of a wild goose which had been shot. They were carefully preserved and planted. It is said to be remarkably productive, often yielding from 50 to 75 bushels per acre.

*Balt. Chron.*

**Col. David Crockett.**—Extract of a letter from Holly Springs to a gentleman of Wheeling, dated 22d ultimo:

"It is stated that Colonel David Crockett is yet alive, and in Mexico, working in the mines. There were two men, who were known to be in the battle of Alamo, passed through Memphis a few days ago, who say they escaped from the mines in Mexico, and that Crockett was certainly there. These men are known by some of the citizens of Memphis, to be men of respectability. These men went from Giles county, Tennessee. There is great excitement in Memphis about it. It will appear in a few days, and if it is the case, there will be at least ten thousand troops from Tennessee, who will volunteer in less than two weeks. I am determined to go."

There was frost at Vernon, Ohio, August 29th, and on the Tuesday preceding, 48 hours before, the thermometer was 90 degrees—that is fifty eight degrees change of temperature, or six degrees and a fifth per hour!

**The Nutmeg.**—The nutmeg is an East Indian tree, about thirty feet high, with smooth oblong leaves; it produces an oval or globular fruit, of which the nutmeg is the seed, and the spice, called mace, the rind or cover. Although the fruit is nine months in ripening, it produces three gatherings annually; the first and best in April, the second in August, and the third in December.

#### From the New York Whig. UNION AMONG THE WHIGS. PROSPECTS AHEAD.

Every day serves to confirm our belief, that the Whigs of the country, hitherto divided in their preference of a candidate for the Presidency, will soon present an unbroken front on that question. As the period draws near when the selection is to be made by the National Convention, an honorable spirit of concession and harmony seems to pervade every where our ranks. Those who were for Clay, for Webster, for Harrison, for Scott, or some other candidate whose name has not yet been mentioned—all have exhibited a desire to harmonize, and yield all minor considerations for the good of the cause. This is the true spirit of patriotism, and argues well for our success in the great struggle.

Our opinions have more than ever been made known through the columns of this paper, on the absolute certainty of a perfect union among us. We are opposed to the present Administration. It is not that we prefer man above another—both being equal in honesty, in qualifications and *laissez faire* of country; but our desire is and *praying* that the man should be selected, who can best carry out the reform needed in the present corrupt condition of the Administration. We would *make up* the man who has a power, influence of his own, and by whom the confidence of the people, above as it has been by the last and present Administration, will not again be betrayed. Whoever takes the helm in 1841, will find a more embarrassed state of public affairs than has existed since the revolution. Our great nation, full of vigor, rich in its resources, will only have reached the climax of government experimenting, and "filled the measure" of humbug glory. Our financial difficulties, instead of being relieved, will have increased, from the natural and inevitable consequences of the unwise measures adopted and in train by the Government. In addition to the embarrassments which the new Administration must encounter from an exhausted treasury, plundered revenues, and a disordered currency—great and absorbing questions of public policy are to come up, which, unless met with the prudence and foresight of the profoundest statesmen and patriots, may convulse the Union to its centre.

It is important, in our humble apprehension, that the people of this country should look at the prospects ahead. There may be subjects which the silent course of courts, and the sure tendency of the unexampled changes in the social condition and population of the country, may render of the greatest consequence—infinitely greater importance than any question at present in the mouths of politicians. The next census is to show a vast accession of power to the free states of the West—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and the fertile Wisconsin and Iowa, will show an increase of numbers and strength that will outstrip the calculations of political economists. Where then is to be the balance of power? What, then, will be the opinions and wishes of the millions that people the teeming valleys and prairies of the West?

The great questions of Protection and Revenue, will then be opened afresh. The Expenditures of the Government are increasing at a rate, that will compel the administration to impose a High Tariff for the purposes of Revenue, or else to lay a Direct Tax upon the People, or go on increasing to infinity a National Debt. Unless the National Domain is used to defray the public expenditures, there is no alternative but Debt or Taxation.

The great question of the Public Lands, in which the old States have so deep an interest, is now apparent will not be settled under the existing administration. That question is to be kept open—the hopes of the new States are to be excited by the prospect of seizing upon that vast inheritance of the whole Union—while the old States are to be put off, and eventually, if Van Buren succeeds, be jugged out of their equitable share of that common patrimony.

All these absorbing questions must come up before the public mind, with others possibly of more fearful import; and all go to show the importance of looking calmly at the future, as it is unfolding itself to the eye, and of shaping our course so as to avoid the rocks of a lee shore, or the perils of mid ocean without chart or compass. How important that the country should have a Pilot at the helm, who knows how to steer the ship of state!

The mere questions of personal politics, or party successes, dwindle into nothingness in contemplation of the changes that are near upon us.

The man is not to be envied who shall be the next President. If he be not a statesman of the firmest nerve, a patriot of the purest heart, possessing a dauntless heroism and bravery that can defy the storms of party, and the roar of the elements, which may possibly agitate the union—he will miserably fail, and be despised by posterity. On the other hand, he who can restore the Country to its former healthy state, who can purge the administration of its corruptions, and reunite the great antagonist interests of this vast confederacy, so as to make the great machine move on in harmony, will earn a crown of glory second only to that which surrounds the name of Washington.

We believe there is one man better fitted than all others to fill that high destiny. But he is not alone. There is more than one name under whose banner the Union will be preserved. The Whigs are not so poor, that they have but one man fitted to fill the highest station in the country. They have many such; and

knowing that fact—realizing the vital importance of the interest of state—interests vitally affecting the interests and perpetuity of the union—they are ready to sacrifice all minor considerations, all selfish ends and aims, over all star of Union and abide by, and support, heart and hand, the nomination of the National Convention. That Convention, composed of distinguished and patriotic men from all the states of the Union, will select the man who will bear with the suffrages of the people, and carry out those measures of reform demanded by the country.

#### Extract from the speech of Mr. Calhoun on the Removal of the Deposits.—May 1839.

Calhoun said, the Senator from Kentucky, in connection with this part of the discussion, had read a striking passage from one of the most pleasing and instructive writers in any language, (Plutarch)—the description of Caesar forcing his sword in hand, into the Treasury of the Roman Commonwealth. We are at the same stage of our political revolution, and the analogy between the two cases is complete, varied only by the character of the actors and the circumstances of the times. That was the case of an intrepid and bold warrior, *as an open plunderer*, seizing forcibly the treasury of the county, which, in that republic, as well as ours, was confided to the Legislative Department of the Government. The actors in our case are of a different character—artful, cunning and corrupt politicians, and not fearless warriors. They have entered the Treasury, not sword in hand, as plunderers, but with the false keys of sophistry, as pilferers, under the silence of midnight. The motive and object are the same, varied in like manner by character and circumstances. "With money I will get men, and with men power," was the maxim of the Roman Plunderer. With money we will get partisans, with partisans votes, and with votes money—the maxim of our public pilferers. With men and money Caesar struck down Roman liberty at the fatal battle of Philippi, never to rise again—from which disastrous hour, all the Roman Republic were consolidated in the person of Caesar, and perpetuated in his line. With money and corrupt partisans, a great effort is now making to choke and suffocate American liberty, through all its natural organs, by corrupting the Press; by overruling the other departments; and finally, by getting up a new and polluted organ, composed of office-holders and corrupt partisans, under the name of a National Convention, which, counterfeiting the voice of the people, will, if not resisted, in their name dictate the succession—when the deed will be done—the revolution will be completed—and all the power of our Republic, in like manner, be consolidated in the President, and perpetuated by his cronies.

#### A most Extraordinary Disclosure.

The facts disclosed in the testimony, on oath, by Col. Pleasonton, of Philadelphia, are so very extraordinary, that nothing short of our knowledge of the high character and personal worth of the deponent could induce us to believe the reality of his narrative. As it is, however, the facts which he relates may be safely pronounced, for atrocious and diabolical of spirit, without precedent or parallel.

#### National Intelligencer.

From the Harrisburg Chronicle.

We most earnestly call the attention of the people of Pennsylvania to the horrible disclosures made below. If a base conspiracy was ever contemplated, we have yet to hear it. The person giving this testimony is no partisan; a man of much reputation and high standing, and was one of Gen. Patterson's principal officers, when that officer marched to Harrisburg to quell the rioters. Let the People read and reflect over those horrid disclosures; let them pass judgment at the next election on a party, a leading member of which would, for the sake of aiding that party in its wicked purposes, thus contemplate the destruction of human life by the thousand.

A. J. Pleasonton appeared before the Committee, and being duly sworn according to law, deposed as follows:

Question: Please to state any conversation you had with any person connected with the late disturbances at Harrisburg; or a member of either branch of the Legislature in relation to the intention of the Committee of Safety, or of those who acted with them, tearing up the railroad, or any other act, so as to prevent the troops under Gen. Patterson's command reaching Harrisburg.

Answer: I do not know what the intention of the committee or those connected with them was; I had no conversation with any one on the subject of the intention of those persons; I have no knowledge of any thing done in Philadelphia, except such as is derived from common rumor. It was currently reported every where in Philadelphia, before the troops left for Harrisburg, that they would be prevented from marching, or would be obstructed in their progress to the State Capitol, and the means to accomplish this was said to be the removal of some of the rails on the railway. There was much excitement in Philadelphia on the reception of the Governor's orders, and the rumors assumed the complexion of the political parties who originated them. I had been informed by General Patterson that the persons who were to have removed the rails were prevented from doing so by the interference of some of the officers of the volunteers themselves, who represented to them the injury that would

result to their friends from the execution of such an intention.

Question by Mr. Barclay—Please to state whether you had any conversation with any of the Van Buren members of either branch of the Legislature as to what the Van Buren party, or any portion of it, designed to do in order to prevent the troops under Gen. Patterson from reaching Harrisburg?

Answer—On the 20th of January last,

I called to see Col. McElwee, a member of the House of Representatives from Bedford, on some public business, at his lodgings, in the evening. He was undressed, about to go to bed, but entered into conversation with me on the subject of my business; in the course of which he referred to the character of the volunteers from Philadelphia, who had been in service in the preceding month of December at this place. He spoke very favorably of them, and said that it was well for them that so many of them were Democrats, as otherwise they would never have lived to have reached Harrisburg." He then said that on the announcement here that the troops from Philadelphia would obey the order of the Governor, and would march for Harrisburg, "it was agreed by himself and two or three others, whom he did not name, to prevent their arrival at this place at all hazards, supposing at the moment that, as the troops belonged to Philadelphia, they were all Whigs, and favorable to the state administration. To carry out this agreement, he said it was determined to remove a few of the rails on the rail-road at the most dangerous part of it, and also to form a mine under this exposed part, to be filled with gunpowder, so that in the confusion which would arise from the train of cars containing the troops, being overthrown by this, running off the track, the mine might be sprung, and the whole body of them blown into the air together!! For this purpose, he himself had purchased three barrels of gunpowder, and said that he had paid forty dollars out of his own pocket for the purchase. To convince me that he was serious in what he stated to have been the design, he further said that his associates therein were men of tried courage, and, having been officers of the army during the last war, knew how to execute the project they had conceived.

This design was abandoned by them in consequence of information having been received subsequently to the purchase of the powder, that the troops then on their route from Philadelphia were not all of the same political party, a large portion of them belonging to the Democratic party, to which Col. M'Elwee and his associates in this design also belonged. He further said that it was to this circumstance alone, that the arrival of the troops from Philadelphia at Harrisburg without injury or loss, was to be attributed. The design was abandoned because it would have been impossible to have separated the Democrats from the Whigs in its execution, and protect them from the danger of the explosion.

A. J. PLEASONTON.

#### [Col. Pleasonton, in explanation.]

I deem it proper to state to the committee, least some persons might suppose that I had been instrumental in causing my testimony on this subject to be adduced, that I have never mentioned this conversation before my examination today to any but to one gentleman from a neighboring state, who was casually here in attendance on public business, and with whom I was in the habit of daily intercourse.

When on the eve of his departure from Harrisburg, he inadvertently repeated the substance of this conversation, to a member of the Senate, and mentioned my name as that of his authority for his statement. That senator caused me to be subpoenaed as a witness before this committee. When I learned for what object I had been thus subpoenaed, I declined to give my testimony until I had stated these circumstances to Col. McElwee. This I did this morning. Col. McElwee made no objections to my giving his conversation in evidence, and accordingly I have answered the questions which the committee proposed to me.

A. J. P.

#### THE PIE-BALD PARTY.

Some wisecracks of the administration undertake to characterize the opposition as a pie bald concern, having no common object or bond of union. There is one thing they may be certain of—the opposition will unite to put down the sub-treasury usurpations and official delinquencies of the federal administration. That will be glory enough for one generation. And if there ever was a piebald party, a real striped jacket, yellow-leg concern, it is the party that cheats the Old States out of their share of the Public Lands, and lets the public officers run away with the money. Why, what in the name of wonder, is the Van Buren party made up of? Randolph said they had "seven principles—five loves and two fishes." Calhoun, at a later period, said they were a party "bound together by the cohesive power of public plunder"—and the experience of the last ten years proves it to be a fact.

Bucktails and Clintonians, Jacksonians, Crawford-men, Calhounites, radicals, prodigals, state-right men, consolidationists, internal improvement and bank men, anti-improvement and no bank men, tariff and anti-tariff, federalists and democrats, aristocrats, agrarians and leveling, swindling sub-treasurers and loco-foco plunders—these make up the piebald party of "seven principles," who are kept together by the "cohesive power of public plunder." This is the

party which pulls down one sound bank, and creates a host of rotten shaving mills. This is the party which lets its sub-treasurers run off with millions of the people's money. This is the party, which says to the Old Thirteen States, you shall not have any portion of the proceeds of the public domain—for we want it to buy votes for Van Buren and his successor.

And if our government officers run away with half of it, it is no concern of the old states—it is not their money at any rate! This is the party, which promised a gold currency, and brought upon the people a shower of rags; which promised retrenchment of expenses and reform of abuses—and has constantly falsified all its fair promises to the country. If there ever was a "piebald concern," most truly is it the Van Buren party.

New York Whig.

One of the most bold and foolish deviates of the time is the attempt to represent the Whig party as the old Federal party. The intimacy with which this deception is kept up shows that those engaged in the plot reap some advantage from the fraud and deceit thus practised. Otherwise, they would not voluntarily continue so unworthy a course. We have frequently referred to this matter before, and have made some exposures which proved pretty conclusively that, as far as old federalists were connected with either of the political parties that now divide the country, there is about "six on one side to half a dozen on the other." If we examine principles, it is evident that the modern patent democrats are more high-toned and ultra in their notions of executive prerogative than even the old Federalists themselves. Alex. Gazette.

One of the most bold and foolish deviates of the time is the attempt to represent the Whig party as the old Federal party.

There was not time yesterday when I wrote to read and digest twenty-four days' later of European news, and the public had not had time to read it, so that there was quite a wrangle in the streets as to the character of the news, whether it was good or bad. Neither the cotton nor the flour dealers knew what to do, and the money dealers were in the fog.

New York Sept. 11.

The general impression now is, that the news is good, or rather promises to be good. Money, it is true, was scarce in England, and bore a high rate of interest; but the panic was over; the exchanges were turning, or turned, in favor of England; bullion was running there from all quarters of the world; and the crops, or prospects for the crops, were not bad, if not good. Things were clearly settling down there into a quiet state. The Chartists were going to work again. The Bank of England was discounting commercial paper, though at six per cent. There was a talk of reducing the rate of interest to five per cent. No longer were one pound notes thought of as a remedy for the run of species. There was not the least fear of a suspension. The Government had succeeded in negotiating nearly all its Exchequer bills, and its credit was sustained. Though the manufacturers were yet working on short hours, cotton promised to be on the rise, and the moment money was easier, or bore a lower rate of interest, Manchester, Birmingham, Rochdale, and other places, would be busy again. The American this evening judiciously remarks, "We may reasonably hope for ameliorating and improving accounts by every arrival, and as the Great Western has brought news that is good, we may anticipate by the British Queen, to be expected here from the 18th to the 20th, intelligence yet better."

American stocks are almost unsaleable in London, but some sales have been effected (conditionally, however, as to Illinois) both in Arkansas and Illinois bonds. The conditions of the Illinois sales, however, are reported to be such as cannot be accepted, and such as will fall through. The Commissioners are here.

The stocks in the city to-day have stood firm, some advancing; U. States Bank to 106½; and there are large operations, indicating more firmness and a better spirit than we have seen for some time. The impression is, that the bears have had their day, and that now is the turn of the bulls.

The flour market must be depressed. I think, by the news respecting the European crops, though I have seen no sales to-day. What keeps flour up here is a short supply, the farmers in the interior, who have been accustomed to high prices, positively refusing to sell up on the offer the millers now make, in the belief that as the season advances the price of flour will rise. Ill-judged as this opinion is, upon existing facts and prospects, the custom of receiving high prices for wheat makes the farmers now hold on; and thus we have a short supply, keeping up prices, whereas if the wheat went forward as usual the fall would be very great.

I see no reason to doubt that we have all the branches of government in Vermont, the Governor and Senate now being certain, though the Whig majority in the House will be small. We have nothing as yet from Maine.

SPAIN.—Madrid journals and letters from our correspondent of the 11th inst. have come to hand.

Rumors of changes in the Ministry were still afloat. It was even said that M. Caramolino, the Minister of the Interior, had tendered his resignation. MM. Sancho and Olzaga, former members of the Supreme Council of the War and Navy departments, who, it will be remembered, were unceremoniously dismissed by General Alcalá, had formally declared against any alliance of the Exaltado party and him. It was highly probable, therefore, that he would not figure in any new Ministry. The Exaltados had already drawn up their programme. The very first measures they intend bringing forward in the Cortes would be the reform of the clergy, the abolition of tithes and the suppression of majorates. [Times, Aug. 20.]</



HILLSBOROUGH  
Thursday, September 19,

At the Superior Court held for this county last week, Judge BAILEY presiding, Goodner Murray was indicted for stealing and carrying out of the state two slaves belonging to individuals residing in this county. After a patient investigation of the facts connected with the case, the jury retired, and at a late hour on Thursday night returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner. But on motion subsequently made, a new trial was granted, on the ground, we believe, of some infirmity in the indictment.

*The Great Western*, one of the most splendid boats on the western waters, and which cost originally 100,000 dollars, was recently burned to the water's edge, while laying at the dock at Detroit. The fire burned with such rapidity that few of the passengers saved their baggage. One gentleman from New Orleans is said to have lost 12,000 dollars. The engine of the boat was but slightly injured, and it is supposed she can be repaired for 40,000 dollars.

*The Slave Vessel*.—Our readers will recollect that we published an account of the alleged piracy on board the *Armenia*, in our last, and of her subsequent capture and detention at Newport, R. I. The abolitionists have opened a subscription to enable them to employ counsel in behalf of the Africans, and otherwise to administer to their wants. It is said that the Blacks were not born in slavery, but were native Africans, kidnapped and sold into slavery in Cuba, and purchased by Senor Jose Ruiz a few weeks after their arrival there, and then shipped on board the schooner for his estates on the same island. On the passage they killed the captain and took possession of the vessel, in which they were endeavoring to regain their native country, when they were captured by captain Gedney. It is believed that if they had risen on their original captors, who were pirates by the law of nations, they would have been justified; but Senior Ruiz purchased them in market over, although they were surreptitiously imported into Cuba in violation of the Spanish laws, as well as the law of nations. These matters will be decided in the court of justice, and will present some points altogether new. The New York Express says "the property will be preciously poor property for the abolitionists here, as they who have given these poor fellows represent them to be in appearance hardly above the apes and monkeys of their own Africa, and the language they jabber is incomprehensible here, while an approaching winter will make the north more horrible for them than even slavery in Cuba."

*Standard.*

*The late Storm*.—It appears from the Newbern and Washington papers, that the late gale was very severe on our coast. In Hyde, considerable injury was done to the crops of corn and fodder by the violence of the wind and the heavy rains and tide. All this, however, is of no moment, compared with the dreadful effects of the tempest at the Bar; there the storm was more severe, and the tide higher, than had been experienced for a number of years. At Portsmouth, Mr. Rumley's store was swept away and all the goods lost; also the store of Dr. Samuel Dudley was totally destroyed, and all his goods, including his books, were lost. Between 500 and 1000 head of horses perished in the devouring element. On Beacon Island, the wharf and a house belonging to James Wyman, store and provisions, were all destroyed. The loss and injury to the shipping at the Bar were great. Capt. B. Williams, of Washington, lost his life with his vessel. About thirty or forty sloops, schooners and boats were destroyed, or left high and dry by the tide.

*Raleigh Register.*

The ship Milledgeville, Capt. Porter, a regular packet from New York to Savannah, and bound from the former to the latter place, went ashore in the night of the 28th ult., about twenty five miles N. of Cape Hatteras. There were twenty-five passengers on board, eight of whom were lost; the crew were, with the exception of one, saved. She had a valuable cargo on board, the greater part of which will be lost.

*Ib.*

A majority of the Court of Inquiry that investigated the charges against Commodore Elliott, have recommended that he be tried by a Naval Court Martial.—Commodore Stewart dissenting.

*Phil. Paper.*

*Iowa Boundary Question*.—There is no country in the world like ours for boundary questions. The governor of Iowa has now issued one, in relation to a disputed boundary between Iowa and Missouri. Missouri claims that her northern boundary extends in a line due east to the Mississippi River; but Iowa contends that it terminates at the Des Moines River, in which case a rich tract of country lying between the Mississippi

and Des Moines River, called the Half Head Tract, comes under the jurisdiction of Iowa. Some time since, the assessors of Clark county went upon disputed territory to exercise their functions, and Gov. Lucas being informed of it, issued his proclamation asserting the jurisdiction of the territory over it, and warning the Missouri officers not to intrude.

*N. Y. Express.*

*Movements upon the N. E. Boundary*.—Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, August 10, gave Gov. Fairfield, of Me., official notice that Col. Madge and Mr. Fetherstonhaugh were about to make a topographical exploration of the disputed territory.

Gov. Fairfield replied, that knowing as he does that the boundary dispute would vanish before a correct topographical knowledge of the country, he shall not only offer no interruption, but will afford the commissioners all reasonable facilities in his power.

*Ibid.*

*Public Lands*.—The following resolution was adopted at a recent Whig Convention held in Middlesex county, N. J.

*Resolved*, That we have witnessed with much concern and dissatisfaction the course of the General Government in relation to the Public Lands, and that we view the policy of the government in giving away the public domain exclusively to the new states, and the encouragement given to the squatters and speculators, as demoralizing in the extreme, destructive to the revenue of the country, and cruelly unjust and oppressive towards the old Atlantic states, by whose toil and treasure they were purchased.

*New Orleans Branch Mint*.—We regret to learn that the yellow fever has been committing fatal ravages in this institution.

James Maxwell, the melter and refiner, died on the 18th inst.

Nathan Clark, foreman of the coining department, on the 1st instant.

Owe D. Bird, one of the workmen, died on the 25th instant.

Charles Scheid, another of the workmen, died on the 27th instant.

John Mood, another workman, died about the 10th instant.

Several others employed are laboring under the disease, and it has been found necessary to suspend the operations of that branch mint until the 1st November next.

*Globe of August 30.*

Mr. S. Sweeter, Consul of the United States at Guayaquil, in the Republic of Ecuador, has arrived in Washington city. He is the bearer of the treaty which has been lately negotiated by J. C. Picket, esq., the Charge d'Affaires of this Government near that of Peru. This treaty will be submitted to the Senate at its next session, for their advice and consent to its ratification.

Mr. Picket sailed from Guayaquil on the 6th of July for Lima, the capital of Peru. He embarked in the U. S. sloop Lexington, which had been despatched for that object. He probably reached Lima on the 1st of July. Mr. Picket's health had suffered somewhat from the low temperature of Quito, the capital of Ecuador, where he had resided several months.

General Santa Cruz, the late protector of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation, was residing at Guayaquil. General Ortega, the late President of North Peru, was also there. There are with these ex-presidents, fifteen or twenty general officers, who have taken refuge at Guayaquil, since the defeat of General Santa Cruz. Among the number are Generals Miller and Moran.

*Globe,*

Very few readers in this country, comparatively speaking, keep in their memories any clear or accurate history of the various mutations that take place in the South American states. We generally have a confused remembrance of revolutions, riots, battles, and changes; but we see things, as it were, through a haze. The last information from one of the republics—as we have already published—Buenos Ayres—is, the assassination of the President of the Senate in his chair by an armed mob. All this is the effect of the want of solid constitutional government, and the absence of regulated liberty—joined to the peculiar character of the people. How enviable the condition of these United States when compared with the state and prospects of the disunited South American republics! Republics, indeed, only in name; and for the most part, nothing but military despotism!

*Alex. Gazette.*

*Agricultural Agency*.—The subscriber having been removed from the Post Office, by the pleasure of the President, and left for the present without any means of support, has consented to resume the editorship of the "American Farmer," which he originally established, and the first periodical in America dedicated to the cause of Agriculture. That resource, though "better than nothing," being altogether inadequate, as an additional means of livelihood, he has formed with his son, Theodorin Bland Skinner, a party, to conduct an Agricultural Agency for the sale of real estate, and for the sale and purchase of domestic animals, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, especially of improved breed, Agricultural machinery and implements, seed grain, garden and field seed, and for sale of patented rights. More Multiculis trees, &c. He will only do, that they guard the interest of their employers, and not through them no humbuggery, postures practised knowingly. Address J. S. Skinner, Maryland paid, to J. S. Skinner, Maryland

**Orange Republican Whig Meeting.**

In pursuance to public notice, a number of the Whig citizens of Orange county assembled at the Masonic Hall in Hillsborough, on Thursday the 12th of September. The meeting was called to order by Dr. James Webb; when, on motion, Dr. James S. Smith was appointed chairman, and Dennis Hartis and Nathaniel L. King, secretaries.

The object of the meeting having been briefly stated by the Chair, the following preamble and resolutions were submitted by Hugh Waddell, esq.

WHEREAS the party in power in the National Government of these United States, acquired that power by professing to hold sacred the following principles, wit:

1st. Retrenchment in the expenditures of the government, which were considered extravagant and unrepentant.

2d. Rigid accountability in all public officers, and instant reform in cases of abuse.

3d. Curtailment of Executive patronage, which, it was alleged, was so great that it would soon convert our government into a monarchy.

4th. Freedom of elections, and no prescription for opinion's sake.

5th. That a better currency than that possessed by our people was necessary.

And whereas, so far from retrenching said expenditures, they have been increased from thirteen millions to forty millions; and so far from accountability, either rigid or relaxed, there has been no accountability at all, but officers notoriously defaulters to immense amounts have been re-appointed notwithstanding the same. And whereas, instead of curtailment of executive patronage, it has increased and is increasing to so alarming an extent in the hands of those now in power, as to make all patriots tremble for the existence of our government; and instead of freedom of elections and no prescription for opinion's sake, the great, nay the only reason often assigned for appointments by the executive and his party, is that the appointee is a zealous supporter of their party; and so far from freedom of elections, the executive has, directly or indirectly, controlled and influenced those elections. And whereas, instead of the currency being bettered, as was professed to be necessary, and promised by the said party, the currency of these United States, then, as we believe, the very best in the world, has been brought, by experiments the most high-handed and arbitrary, and plans of finance which are the ridicule of the age, to a state of chaotic confusion.

Now, therefore, the Whigs of Orange, having witnessed for years these promises unredeemed, and these pretences openly exposed, do consider themselves called upon to express their constant and unceasing opposition to the said party in power, and to the practices by which they endeavor to sustain themselves. Be it, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we cling with increased devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty; that we feel it is a cause which can never be despised of by freemen;

and that we will use all patriotic means to assert and maintain the principles by which we are governed.

*Resolved*, That we regard with interest and approbation the proposed Convention to be held at Raleigh on the second Monday of November next, to nominate some suitable successor to our present enlightened and patriotic Chief Magistrate, and that the Chairman of this meeting do nominate five delegates to attend the same.

*Resolved*, That John M. Morehead, esq. of Guilford, is eminently qualified, by his talents and enterprise, and his uniform and efficient support of Republican principles, to fill the office of Governor of North Carolina.

*Resolved*, That the delegates appointed by this meeting, be authorized to aid in the selection of delegates to the National Whig Convention, to be held at Harrisburg on the 4th of December next, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of President and Vice President of the United States, in opposition to the present incumbent.

The foregoing preamble and resolutions having been read, were unanimously adopted.

On motion, it was

*Resolved*, That the delegates appointed by this meeting to the State Convention, be instructed to insist upon sending delegates to the National Convention at Harrisburg.

On motion it was also

*Resolved*, as the sense of this meeting, that the delegates to the National Convention be instructed to vote for HENRY

CLAY as the Whig candidate for president of the United States.

The following persons were appointed to the State Convention, viz. Col. William A. Carrigan, Chevy F. Fausti, Miss H. Spencer, William Barber, and Miss P. Mangum, esqrs.

*Resolved*, That a Central Committee be appointed to consist of seven members, to continue until the Presidential election; the Chairman of this meeting to be one of the committee, the others to be appointed by him.

*Resolved*, That it

be done, that each member of the

Whigs of each cap-

tal district, to send five delegates to the

State Convention, to be

held in Hillsborough on

the 12th of Septem-

ber, 1839.

*Resolved*, That it

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### MORE THAN A MATCH FOR A ROBBER.

"In a Persian dialogue, the lesson and benefit of sincerity are beautifully taught. A mother, in giving her son forty pieces of money at his portion, made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, 'Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.'— The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked what he had got, and he said forty dinars are sewed in my garment." He laughed, thinking he jest. Another asked the same question and got the same answer. At last the chief came, and asked him, and he said, "I have sold two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."— He ordered the clothes to be ript open, and found the money. "And how came you to tell this?" "Because," the child replied, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised never to tell a lie." "Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, at thy years, and art I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so; his followers were all struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and vowed repentence on the hand."

*Dr. Belfrage.*

### THE MOST INTERESTING SIGHT IN THE WORLD.

One day, the Rev. Henry Venn (author of the New Whole Duty of Man) told his children that in the evening he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world, "They were anxious to know what it was, but he deferred gratifying their curiosity till he had brought them to the *salle* itself. He led them to a miserable hotel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows bespeak an extreme degree of poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched habitation as this, be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies upon a miserable straw bed within, dying of disease, at the age of only nineteen, consumed with constant fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "How wretched a situation!" they all exclaimed.

He then led them into the cottage, and, addressing the poor young man said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here, to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease and poverty and want, and now, tell them if it is not so." The dying youth, with a sweet smile of benevolence and piety, immediately replied, "Oh, yes, sir! I would not change my state with that of the richest person upon earth, who was destitute of those views which I possess. Blessed be God! I have a good hope through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, there is nothing to bear, whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to Him, by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy and blessed through eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his grace!" The impression made by this discourse upon his young hearers was never effaced.

### POLITICAL DUTIES.

Among the best people, there are some who, through disgust with the violence of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in the relations, and imposed on them the duties of citizens; and they are no more authorized to shrink from these duties, than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers.

There is, undoubtedly, much in the conduct of political parties, that is calculated to disgust persons of refined sensibility. No parties are free from this reproach. Every man must have felt it. But, it forms no sort of excuse for the neglect of political duties. All the whole-some observances of society are violated and prostituted to vile purposes, and no man thinks of abolishing them. They must be upheld, and it is the duty of every good man to render them purer and higher standards of moral and social conduct and feeling. If all good men refuse to participate in efforts for reform society because those efforts are sometimes vain, society will soon go down. So in the control of our political affairs. No man should abandon his own peculiar duty through disgust at the mode in which his neighbors discharge theirs. If every wise, intelligent and good man in the country were to fail to participate in the elections, and to endeavor to direct, guide and correct public opinion, how soon would our condition be infinitely more deplorable than it is. The whole of our institutions would be surrendered into the hands of those who are both too weak and too wicked to administer them without bringing the whole fabric to wreck. If the virtuous unite, they can check, at least, if they cannot overrule the evil disposed and ignorant. The ship of state must be indebted at last, for the privilege of attaining a safe harbour, to those who know how to navigate her amid the sunken rocks and in the darkness of midnight.

*Dr. Channing.*

### LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.

If in winter we are the gayest people on the continent, with more variety of

life and manners than any other city presents, in the summer we are the dullest. The monotony of existence caused by the very general absences, is only varied by the fever and the exciting scenes it creates. We proceed to mention one, the relation of which caused a chill through our hearts, and struck the "electric chain" by which we are strongly bound. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror.

Dr. Lambert, an excellent as well as an eminent French Physician in this city, relates that during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention had almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good looking, with a little infant smiling in beauty, and about ten months old.

He was led to notice them from the appearance of content that lived there, and their being frequently on the banqueting before the house. After the fever subsided, he still saw them for some days, then as usual, but at length he "missed" him from the accustomed place. The third, did for two days, until stopped his feeling uneasy for them, and—rapp'd at the door. No one answered; silence was in the mansion. Here lay the husband and wife on the former decaying. The fever, and the child, and with its little arms around the dead mother's neck, vainly trying to draw the sustaining fluid from the bus. Dr. L. says that familiar as he was with scenes of death, nothing before ever shocked his feelings to half the extent. With a praiseworthy benevolence he has taken measures to have the infant protected. Such is "life in New Orleans."

*New Orleans Times.*

"Please Exchange," as the Printer said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl.

### Fashionable Tailoring.

### NEW SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS.

**MR. ROBERT F. PLEASANTS,** WOULD respectfully return thanks to the generous public who have heretofore favored him with their custom; and informs them that he has just received the latest and most approved Spring and Summer Fashions, and well prepared to execute work in his line.

**A SUPERIOR STYLE,** promising despatch, neatness, and durability. No pains will be spared on his part to please those who may patronize him. His friends and the public generally, are respectfully solicited to give him a call. It is not his disposition to measure words of promise, or to call out ideas to please the fancy—but the plain thread of his advertisement presents the abidingments of truth, which will be fitted up to the letter.

**His Shop is directly opposite the Post Office, and two doors above the Farmer's Hotel.**

**Orders from a distance punctually attended to.**

Hillsborough, May 24, 1839.

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D. HEARTT, Agent.

### Printer's Notice.

SUBSCRIBERS in arrears for the Hillsborough Recorder, are respectfully informed that their accounts will be made out at an early day, and forwarded to them, either through the Post Office or by a messenger. It is hoped all concerned will feel it necessary to make prompt payment.

Aug 1.

C.R.D.—TO THE PUBLIC.

THE amount of bodily mental misery arising from a neglect of care of the utensil is incalculable, and it is the attention to the most important that a man's infirmities should least and most tried to body invariably affect him; for disease **LAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINE** roughly used, have TRIED to cure it. In every instance where LIFE MEDICINE roughly used, have TRIED to cure it. The regulatory effects of its diversified effects, have, in fact, been so universal, Life Medicine, that in the short space of a year, they have become fully established, most easy, safe and perfect mode of agent ever offered to the public.

Due attention will be paid to their Table, which shall be furnished with the best the market can afford.

Their Bar will be supplied with Liquors of the best quality, and ice in abundance.

Their Stables will be supplied with abundant provender and careful attendance.

The travelling public are invited to give them a call, and they are assured that every exertion will be made to give satisfaction.

Two or three families can be accommodated with board and good rooms.

The Raleigh Standard will insert the above three weeks.

June 19.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF CONFECTIONARIES, &c.

MRS. VASSEUR

HAS the pleasure to inform the public, that she has just received a large supply of articles in her line, among which are,

Candies, Nuts of various kinds, Preserved Sweetmeats, Raisins, Currants, Dates and Prunes, Oranges and Lemons, Cocoa Nuts, Sagoes of various kinds, Toys for Children,

and a variety of articles too numerous to mention. The Fruit and Nuts are of the last year's crop, and of excellent quality. She has also several jars of fine SPICED OYSTERS, which will be sold by the jar at a reduced price. The article is excellent.

Mrs. V. would also inform the public, that she has just put her SODA BOUNTAIN in operation, and will furnish to her customers this refreshing draught every day in the week, Sundays excepted. She will have ICE CREAM also, on all the said days, except Monday.

The public are respectfully invited to give her a call.

June 5.

73—

### Moffat's Life Pills,

### AND PHOENIX BITTERS.

THE universal estimation in which the celebrated LIFE PILLS and PHOENIX BITTERS are held, is satisfactorily demonstrated by the increasing demand for them in every state and section of the Union, and by the voluntary testimonial to their remarkable efficacy which are every where offered.

It is not less from a deeply gratifying confidence that they are the means of extensive and inestimable good among his afflicted fellow creatures, than from interested considerations, that the proprietor of these pre-eminently successful medicines is desirous of keeping them constantly before the public eye. The sale of every additional box and bottle is a guarantee that some person will be relieved from a greater or less degree of suffering, and be improved in general health; for in no case of suffering from disease can they be taken in vain. The proprietor has never known nor been informed of an instance in which they have failed to do good. In the most obstinate cases of chronic diseases, such as chronic dyspepsia, torpid liver, rheumatism, asthma, nervous and bilious head aches, catarrhus, piles, general debility, scrophulous swellings and ulcers, ascaris, salt-rheum, and all other chronic affections of the organs and membranes, they effect cures with a rapidity and permanency which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience.

In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, are productive of the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed of the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail. Taken at night, they so promote the insensible perspiration, and so relieve the system of febrile action and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of a cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at the next hour of bed time will almost invariably effect permanent relief, without further aid. Their effect upon fevers of a more acute and violent kind is not less sure and speedy, if taken in proportionable quantity, and persons retiring to bed with inflammatory symptoms of the most alarming kind, will awake with the gratifying consciousness that the fierce enemy has been overthrown and can easily be subdued. In the same way, visceral turgescence, though long established, and visceral inflammation however critical, will yield to the former to small and the latter to large doses of the Life Pill; and so also hysterical affections, hypocondriacal, restlessness, and very many other varieties of the Neurotic class of diseases, yield to the efficacy of the Phoenix Bitters. Full directions for the use of these medicines, and showing their distinctive applicability to different complaints, accompanied by them; and they can be obtained, wholesale and retail, at 367 Broadway, where numerous certificates of their unparalleled success are always open to inspection.

For further particulars of the above Medicines see the "Good Samaritan," a copy of which accompanies each box and bottle; a copy may also be had on application to the Agent.

French, German, and Spanish directions, can be obtained on application at the office, 367 Broadway.

All post paid letters will receive immediate attention.

Sold wholesale and retail by WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 367 Broadway, New York. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase in large quantities.

The Life Medicines may all be had of the principal druggists in every town throughout the United States and the Canadas. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters; and be sure that a fac simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of either or box of pills.

The above medicines are for sale at the Office of the Hillsborough Recorder—where a constant supply will be kept.

D. HEARTT.

Wilmington, May 20, 1839.

80—

### Commission & Forwarding Business.

Subscribers have established them of the *Wilmington* for the transaction of public business, and solicit a share of the business. Having been accustomed to give all their patronage to those who may posterior may rely on us living in the inadvices of arrival and shippment, and early those who supply them of their Goods, viae from Wilmington, will bring with Grocer of arrivals, and the state of the early advised attention will be given to them. Strict due, Lumber, Timber, &c.

All communications and letters should be addressed, postage paid, to

GRISWOLD & CO.

182 Nassau st. New York.

August.

84—85

### UNION HOTEL,

Just Received

A LARGE SUPPLY OF SPRING GOODS.

85—86

JOHNSTON MCCAULEY, Esq.

JOHN NOBLE,

August 28.

85—86

### Notice.

THE subscribers having qualified at the August term of Orange Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, as executors to the last will and testament of ANDREW MCCAULEY, Jr. deceased, request all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment; and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

JOHNSTON MCCAULEY, Esq.

JOHN NOBLE,

August 28.

85—86

A Camp Meeting will commence at Cedar Grove Meeting House, eight miles north of Hillsborough, on Friday the 13th of September next. Preachers and people are respectfully invited to attend. ROBERT C. MAYNARD.

August 21.

84—

### Attention!

To the Officers and Musicians belonging to the 47th Regiment.

YOU are hereby notified and commanded to appear in Hillsborough on the 25th of September, at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of drill and court martial; and on the 26th, at 11 o'clock, you will attend with your respective companies equiped as the law directs, with six rounds of powder, for review.]

WILLIAM BARLOW,

Senior Officer.

August 7.

85—

### ATTENTION! TOWN COMPANY.

YOU are hereby commanded to attend at the court house in Hillsborough, on Saturday the 21st of September, at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of drill muster and court martial.

W. C. CHRISTMAS, Captain.

August 14.

85—

### GOLICK'S Matchless Sanative.

THIS invaluable Medicine, which has performed astonishing cures in the Consumption, and other diseases of the liver, is kept constantly for sale by the subscriber, at Hartshorn Post Office, Orange county.

HENRY FOGLERMAN.

March 13.

85—86

### NEW Spring and Summer GOODS.

THE subscribers having opened a Store in the well known house, formerly occupied by Col. Shields, on Charlton street, one door below the Post Office, are now receiving a general assortment of

### Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

of almost every description, which will be sold as low as they can be offered in this market;

we will not pay lower, as promises are of little avail, but hope our friends, and those wishing to purchase, will find our stock previous to buying elsewhere, and let our actions speak instead of words.

OUR STOCK COMPRISES

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Persian Cloth, Bombazines, Crapé Cambles, French, English and American Prints, Printed LAWNS and MUSLINS, Black, Blue-Black, and Coloured SILKS, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

Hardware and Cutlery, Glass, Queensware, Crockery, and Stone Ware, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Bonnets, Cotton Yarn, Castings and Scythe Blades, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Powder, Shot, Nails, Window Glass, White Lead, &c. &c. &c.

And many other articles too numerous to mention. Call and see.

PARKER &amp